Dean/Castiel + Gabriel/Crowley, "You two on a date as well? Bloody fantastic." "Wait... **you two** are on a date?!"

Gabriel leaned forward and mouthed at the straw, chasing it around the milkshake with his tongue.

Crowley did his best to ignore it, but his fork did pause in mid-air as Gabriel finally caught the straw and sucked on it.

Gabriel smirked around the straw and drained the milkshake, not stopping even when that slurrrrrp sound began.

"Child." Crowley said, and finished his bite.

"You love it." Gabriel said after released the straw with a pop. He smacked his lips.

"You're up to something."

"No, just waiting for the show to arrive. I promised you dinner and a show, remember?"

"Gabriel, we need to talk about your sense of class. This is a diner. I am eating fried chicken in a diner on a Friday night. There is no show to be found here, unless you've cooked something up."

"Trust in me, darling. It's just starting now," Gabriel said, and leaned back as the door to the diner opened and in walked Castiel and Dean.

"...I'm telling you Cas, you haven't lived until you've tried the gooseberry pie here."

"*They're* our show?" Crowley asked, tone incredulous.

"They happen to be courting each other. I've been working on making the process as difficult as possible for them." Gabriel grinned.

Crowley raised an eyebrow but said nothing, watching as the duo passed their booth before Dean froze and walked back a step.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"Manners, Winchester." Crowley said, putting down his silverware. "I see you two are on a date as well. Bloody fantastic."

Dean puffed himself up, ready to say something that would have been a brilliant retort (something scathing that would make Crowley feel ashamed of himself, of course) before he realized it: "Wait. *You two* are on a date!?"

"Yes." Gabriel said. "Having dinner and a show, and you're the show. Get on with showing Castiel pie, please, I'm looking forward to this."

Dean looked at his side, where Castiel was supposed to be, then turned and looked at where Castiel actually was: seated at the counter, reading a menu with interest.

"Go get 'im, tiger!" Gabriel encouraged.

Dean glared at him, then went to Castiel.

Crowley watched Castiel learn the difference between pies, then looked at Gabriel. "Unless you have something planned, I am ready to leave."

"Don't want to watch them bumble through a date, huh? Fine." Gabriel snapped his fingers, poofing them away. "Probably a good time to go, too, seeing as I dosed pie with an aphrodisiac."

"Gabriel."

"Yeah yeah, proper date now. France, Italy, or my own home cooking?"